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AUTHOR Milner, Edward Willis
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ABSTRACT

The paper presents a method for teaching music to the severely emotionally disturbed high school learner, a typology for relating the learner to the type of method to be used, and three case studies illustrating use of music as a way to provide students with the least restrictive environment. The music program involves group singing and playing the guitar through use of color coded guitars and constantly reinforcing recorded instructions. Advantages of music for emotionally disturbed adolescents include providing a kind of group therapy, allowing students to create and share their own songs, and serving as a diagnostic tool. The program is related to F. Hewett's instructional model as it helps the student order himself. The least restrictive environment that music can provide is discussed in terms of educational models, philosophical models, and theological curriculum criticism. Music is seen to serve individual instructional needs while it respects each adolescent's private world view. (DB)

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TITLE: MUSIC AS THE LEAST RESTRICTIVE ENVIRONMENT OF THE SEVERELY EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED

NAME: EDWARD WILLIS MILNER

POSITION: TEACHER, HARDING HIGH SCHOOL, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

ADDRESS: HARDING HIGH SCHOOL
2001 ALLEGHANY STREET
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA 28208

BUSINESS PHONE: 704-392-3216

HOME PHONE: 704-333-6000

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INTRODUCTION

This paper will present three case studies, a method for teaching music to the severely emotionally disturbed learner, and a typology useful in relating the learner to the type of method to be used. It is all of these three components--the learner, the method, and the model--that support the idea that music is the least restrictive environment for the severely emotionally disturbed.

I. CASE STUDIES

A. Willie

Willie sticks his head in the door. "Good Morning!" He strides across the floor as though he owned it. His desk is stuffed with papers, notes, books, and folders. He extracts his Drivers' Ed book. His boots rock the whole trailer as he returns to the door. "See you later." He smiles at the teacher and the aide and makes a departing gesture of good

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will. He holds the frame of the door, lets himself ease down the steps outside, and removes his fingers from the frame just before the heavy door slams shut. The teacher reflects on how symbolically apt it is, for Willie always manages to get himself through the door just before it slams on his fingers, or almost always.

Willie returns from his Drivers' Ed an hour later. Or more correctly an hour and ten minutes later. He has gone to take a smoke between classes. This is a regular student's privilege that Willie illegally extends each day by about 15 seconds. He enters the trailer this time somewhat slowly. He usually has an excuse as to why he should not go to biology. His biology teacher is fond of Willie. She knows he has the ability to do good work in her class. She does not embarrass him about his tardiness, but she does dock his grade and make him stay after school to make up missed time. After being ignored by the teacher and aide, Willie trudges away to his class. He will reappear at lunch time, throwing down his books, stating that this is the last time he will go to that class. The teacher replies that that is fine, and that will go for Drivers' Ed also. Willie gets the point and leaves for lunch.

After lunch, Willie and the teacher begin a game of chess, since Willie has completed both his math and his English assignments for the day. The teacher reflects that

he is playing chess just as he might with his children. First he plays so that the child can win. Then he has to play for his life to keep the child from whipping him. Willie gets a great deal of pleasure out of "whipping" the teacher. Willie's best game is in speed, without forethought. But the teacher wants to inculcate this very thing, and so slows down the game. Sometimes it works and Willie does serious thinking over a five-day period; other times it is self-defeating.

In the math class Willie works almost absolutely to himself. His recall and review are good. He tackles new concepts that otherwise paralyze the other students. While reading through the assignment for the day, Willie will read in a mocking sing-song way that is designed to laugh at the book, the teacher, and the assignment. But this is indulged because everyone else knows that to mock something, one must command it, and few in the room have any command over math.

During English, Willie and another student read aloud in dramatic fashion. Their rendering of Julius Caesar is a near travesty. All the pledges of love and affection between Anthony and Brutus are interpreted and read so as to suggest a full-blown homosexual relation between them. The teacher is puzzled as to whether this reading suggests that the students need to work on understanding and interpretation, or whether they need to receive some help on coming to terms with their own sexuality, or whether this is just plain old sabotaging the lesson for the day.

In music, Willie moves with the same certainty as he does in math. He will take the guitar and begin to strum it as though he were an Elvis Presley. His moaning and groaning and caterwauling is not entirely out of key nor out of beat with the rhythm. Just the opposite. Despite the lack of delicacies, like the exact melody, Willie "lucks" into an amazing number of correct notes or strums or runs, but what is more obvious is that he is dramatizing his feelings. The teacher begins to wonder just how many feelings he could express if he could but develop the basic guitar skills. His music is as rawboned as his English and biology.

Willie loves contemporary songs like "Without You" and "How Can You Mend a Broken Heart." He will sing them or play them without any timidity. They reflect his unrequited love as well as the typical adolescent romantic attitude of "I can't live without you." For Willie, the Guitar Magic program is too straight-laced, too disciplined. The color-coded guitar is too simple.

Willie is a recidivist. He has a history of social transgressions. He fantasizes and dreams, as his music testifies, of doing great things. Willie is a "thorn in the flesh" for the team psychologist, because he refuses to take projective tests or receive counseling.

Willie is a "modern" character. He lives in a world of dreams and fantasies. There is no good; there is no god. Reality is all objectively "out there," ready to do him in. Willie has not achieved independence from his parents. He has not prepared for a job. He has a unique value system of his own, with an element of tenderness. But it does not result in responsible social behavior.

Willie's world view is one of control. He has a case against society, but he remains quiet so long as he can do what he desires. When Willie is expected to pull his load, he refuses, grins, and says: "That's the way it is." He smiles and goes about his business.

B. Cassie

From the first time the teacher met Cassie, he knew she was smarter than she appeared to be. Her mother was sure that she was retarded. She always put Cassie in an unfavorable light when comparing her with her younger sister. Her mother did not want Cassie to be a beautician, because that was too common, but neither did she want Cassie to be a veterinarian or a dental assistant because "she could never pass all the courses, and even if she did, she couldn't handle an emergency." But Cassie's father gave Cassie a car, and Cassie surprised everyone by taking driving lessons during the summer, and by passing the examination. Cassie entered a new stage in her life when she took it upon herself to drive 15 miles each way to school every day.

Cassie's day begins with a short conversation with Nanny, the classroom aide. Nanny asks questions about Cassie's clothes, and comments on her hair style, and teases her about her courses or watching too much t.v. at night. Cassie becomes talkative and happy. Conversations become too low for the teacher to hear, but they are punctuated with gales of laughter and snickering. Nanny then playfully pushes Cassie toward the door and tells her it is time for class. Cassie puts her chin forward and marches out of class.

Cassie takes a home economics class with a number of lower functioning students. The teacher complains of Cassie that she does not know how to assert herself. "She doesn't know how to ask questions. Dover is not in here more than two minutes before she is asking one question after another." The teacher reflects on Cassie's stoic silence and the teacher's seeming ineptitude in drawing her out.

After home economics, Cassie avoids the trailer-classroom and moves on to her next class. Many students who are less secure than Cassie nonetheless return to the trailer for respite and camaraderie, but Cassie wants no such stigma. She goes to her class in the greenhouse. Her greenhouse teacher remarked to the teacher that Cassie seemed normal and she couldn't for the life of her figure out why Cassie was labeled as exceptional. Cassie did satisfactory work and interacted appropriately.

Following her class in greenhouse, Cassie goes to art. She silently works on her assignments and produces the expected drawings for the teacher. The teacher remarked that Cassie was awfully quiet. She did not make any friends in his class despite his efforts to encourage this among his students. Cassie enters, sometimes sits and stares or dreams, but usually, with some prodding, she does get to work. Silently. Ploddingly.

When Cassie returns to the class, she joins the others in math. Cassie failed the competency test the year before. It seemed she would never pass. Fractions, decimals, percents, multiplication, division all held terrors for her. Yet she does the assigned "thimbleful" of work given to her daily. She takes her book home at night and works her problems. What is most interesting to the teacher is that Cassie rather likes the math puzzles and games that he gives the class: how to build so many squares with so many match sticks, or how to move so many people across the river in one boat. Cassie generally wins these contests, much to the surprise and chagrin of Willie.

In her English class, Cassie enjoys reading aloud with Nanny and John. The three of them read poems or stories or drama. John and Cassie suffer from speaking and projection problems. Somehow the word is difficult for the two of them, but possible with the comfort and support of Nanny.

In music, Cassie finds the Guitar Magic program oppressive and impersonal. Too many instructions and too many things to do. On the other hand, the guitar in and of itself says little to her also. Cassie likes the color-coded method. She can bar the pre-set chords rather easily and find them fast enough to accompany her song's words. Cassie can match chords and words. Cassie likes to play simple folk songs like "The Fox," and "Yankee Doodle," probably because the beat is regular and well-known, and the chords are easy. But she also likes modern songs like "The Games People Play" and "You Needed Me." It is a matter of self-understanding for Cassie. She not only wants to know things like the answers to math and the chords to songs, she wants to know something about herself doing those things.

Cassie's patience with Willie astounds the teacher. She is so timid and shy. Sometimes he is crass and vulgar. Without touching or mauling her, Willie has a way of talking to Cassie that is gross and suggestive. Yet Cassie never shows that it offends her. Perhaps it secretly thrills her that a man is showing attention for her. But she never seeks it from Willie. And she never acts "holier than thou." She never judges.

Cassie, at the teacher's instruction, visited a beautician and observed her at work. She continues to do a

few more things on her own with the passing months. She worked systematically on the math competency test, and to her surprise she finally passed it. While she does not achieve an overwhelming kind of independence or self-understanding, Cassie forges out a way of life for herself, a set of values. One of the students who rode to school with her put Cassie's values to the test, especially with regard to visiting bars or seeking out boys and drinking beer after school. Cassie refused. Cassie began to think of the upcoming last year of high school not as the end of her education, but perhaps the beginning.

Cassie is a classic kind of character. She fights to understand herself and her family in terms by which the academic community understands her and her family. Anxieties and learning disabilities have laid heavy burdens upon her. But she accepts her fate and tries to work with it. It is likely that she will never be free as a "normal" student is free, but she will face those factors determining her with awareness and courage. She may be a co-author of her fate.

C. John

John arrives every day from his ride on the bus with a friendly greeting to all. He tip-toes as he comes across the campus. He might seem to be smugly living in a world of his own, but when he greets you, you realize you are

encountering a sweet, mild-mannered young man. John is a bit too fat and has some give-away marks of the handicapped. He is well-liked by many peers in his regular classes, though it might seem their attitude at times is one of patronizing or babying him. Some of his classmates, indeed, seeing his gullibility, push him into embarrassing actions, such as getting him to drink water from the drains, or to use the girl's john, but other peers want more than that by asking him to sing or to play the guitar in class--and he obliges them.

John's first class with the teacher is in social science. John reads the material and carefully answers some 90 to 95 percent of the questions on the worksheets correctly. The multiple choice questions are not too hard for John, but the essay or thought questions are a different matter. And this is not because he cannot write or cannot express himself. It is, simply, that he has no interpretative skills. He is unable to deal with abstractions, generalizations, wholes. He can get the detail but not the pattern.

John gets a good deal of torment from his peers in his special classroom as well as from the normal students. John stutters and clutters when he is asked to answer a direct question spontaneously. "Uh...uh...uh." John will snap his fingers and close his eyes and purse his mouth up for a possible explosion when he cannot put together the total idea. He will seek refuge in a false conclusion or

statement or wrong answer that is patently incorrect so as to stop the passage of time as well as the malicious digs of his classmates. "Yea...yea...that's it. America was discovered by Lindbergh....Two and two are five." His "brighter" classmates have a good turn of phrase and are clever and quick, but they pale beside John in terms of effort and achievement. John is a workaholic. His mother complains that he stays up till all hours doing his homework.

John trots off to greenhouse biology and does well there. His teacher loves him. She wants to know how to involve him in the class. "Have him read a passage from a book...or a script, so that he doesn't have to speak spontaneously," the teacher says. "If a girl who is acting like a tease can't keep her hands off of John, have her come over to the trailer and let him teach her how to play the guitar." The teacher is a good learner and begins more and more to bring John into the mainstream. John may find a vocation in this area, for he loves the earth, he loves to see things grow, and he loves the silence of the soil.

John's next class is math. When John was given sufficient time the year before on his competency test, it was revealed that John had scored the highest score in the school. Accordingly, John was placed in a math class and has since done well in it. John does well on daily assignments, tests, and examinations and makes high grades in math. The teacher, however, wonders if he had to face

generalizations and abstractions in his class. On the other hand, he wonders, might it be that math has the kind of abstractions that John can handle. He ponders that.

John returns after math to work in the trailer on his English with Cassie. John is able to write poems and songs, to draw cartoons, and to work in convincing dialogue. But often at general questions or abstractions, John's response is to quote verbatim a few lines from the author, or the text. John also passed the English competency test easily and will probably be able to take a mainstreamed class in senior English and do the work required for the term paper. The teacher wonders if it might be the case that in putting down sentence after sentence, John might mechanically reach a generalizaion. Or perhaps, he wonders, maybe generalizations might come when he works for a long time with particulars.

John's problem is in uttering a generalization. John is also in utter naivete toward the world about him. And John is usually unable to control what he is going to say. When John first appeared in the class, he seemed to find it difficult to say more than "yes" or "no." Increasingly he is able to express ideas of his own--in a one-way fashion, admittedly--and he can occasionally carry on a two-way dialogue.

When John first played the guitar, he took to it at once. First the plain guitar, then the color-coded guitar, and then the Guitar Magic, and finally the regular chords and strings. John merely played what was in the text, but increasingly he brought Beattle songs to class. And then he began to play for the class, began to teach the others to play. John's repertoire of modes of expression is increasing. He can memorize and sing many songs flawlessly. He takes delight in memorizing songs his teacher taught him, and particularly recalling them word for word when the teacher's mind is not nearly so accurate. John has a number of chords at his fingertips, and slowly he is learning to play a set of chords so as to generate music for any lyric or song.

John aspires to be more or less what he thinks his mother aspires for him. John had critical surgery when he was quite young, and his mother attributes all of his present problems to the complications then. She knows that John is special and thinks of him a a "brand plucked from the burning." John will increasingly be given more and more freedom, but it is quite unlikely that he will profit from it so long as his mother stands over everything he does.

The basic questions about John is the question of the knowledge of good and evil. John is still in the "Garden of Eden." So long as he is shielded by his mother, he will not understand on his own. It will be a threatening liberation

when and if John is able to understand himself and to seek his own freedom. The teacher reflects on the control over John by his mother. He reflects on the skill that John has in doing well in "school" type things. He regrets that John's mother does not aspire for him a college education. He reconciles himself that his job is to find a job for John before he graduates. But over it all he seems to imagine that music will be the discipline in whose service John will find perfect freedom.

II. THE METHOD

The three students, Willie, Cassie, and John, are students within a classroom for the severely emotionally disturbed high school students on a high school campus in a large metropolitan area. Some of its ED students are in this classroom all day, but most of the ED students are in the classroom only part of the day and are mainstreamed into regular classes in all areas of the curriculum. There are two such ED classrooms on the campus, plus two EMR classrooms, and one LD classroom. The campus has about twelve hundred students altogether. The teacher of these three students is also the chairman of the Department of Special Education. He works with the Service Committee that serves all exceptional learners. He also, when asked, teaches classes for his regular classroom colleagues.

The classroom for the severely emotionally disturbed provides, depending on the need, courses in English, math, biology, social studies, and music to enable all of its students to meet their degree requirements. Because the materials and methods of the classes fit the needs of the students, rather than vice-versa, the curriculum needs a linchpin to hold it together. This is provided by the music component.

Music means a number of things ranging from academic content to artistic and therapeutic processes. First, three years of music meets the school requirements for music. Second, music involves singing songs contributed by the teacher and the students. There are about two hundred songs in the collection, and at least half of them are sung with some regularity. Perhaps a fourth of all the songs are sung from memory. Third, music is a kind of group therapy. Each person plays the guitar to the best of his ability. No one judges or says anything negative about guitar playing. The teacher and aide model guitar playing as a positive thing. Everyone is expected to express himself in guitar playing. Feelings, thus, often surface in this time of expression and are often channelled in constructive directions. Sometimes these feelings, like Cassie's, are tragic; sometimes, like Willie's, they are pathetic; and still other times, like John's, they are redemptive.

Fourth, music involves three sets of procedures used to teach young people how to play the guitar. The procedure already referred to as "color-coded" is a method of stringing the guitar in such a way that simply by barreing the fifth or the seventh fret or by leaving all strings open, the guitarist is very easily able to produce a family of chords that suffice for accompanying almost any song. (For example, A, D, and E are such a family.) This method has been used with younger students and with MR students, but it works equally well with those students who have had little or no music background and who want a method that is instantly self-reinforcing. The second procedure referred to, Guitar Magic, is a complete set of paced tapes that are used with electric guitars, headphones, and a monitoring device.[1] The students watch and hear the pre-recorded instructions, and they listen to their own guitars. The instructor is able to listen in to monitor problems and progress. This program introduces the student to modified chords, and then moves into more sophisticated chording. Finally, the regular method of teaching chords is used. The guitar is strung in the normal fashion, and the student, by teacher instruction and by peer instruction, is able to learn a number of chords and to play a number of songs.

Fifth, music is a "show and tell" time for the creation and the sharing of one's own songs. The teacher and the students have contributed to the collection.

Sixth, music is a diagnostic instrument. Assuming that each student has a "voice" peculiar to himself, the job of the teacher is to discover this voice and to help the student to develop it. Just as one would use a Walker or a Peterson-Quay or a Devereaux as a scale or a checklist to discover what type of behavior the student demonstrated, just so one would use the performance on the guitar as a diagnostic insight into the type of "voice" the student has.[2] Noting the way the student strums or plucks, strikes, or fingers the guitar, the teacher is able to tell, not just something about the musical competence of the student, but as well, something about the mood, the attitude, the "world view" of the student.[3] The form used in the English class that typologizes serious literature into Greek, and Judeo-Christian, and Modern, with appropriate responses of the tragic, and the redemptive, and the pathetic is used here to typologize the feelings or the world view of the student. This method is not dogmatic or subsumptive, but rather is heuristic. It attempts to discover what kind of prescription is suggested if the student identifies with the Greek or the Judeo-Christian or the modern world view.[4]

This last notion of prescription takes us to the concept of the least restrictive environment, but before we deal with that, we must comment on the music program as described above in relation to the Hewett model.[5] Briefly put, the Hewett model assumes that all students are learners.

Among learners, there are determiners of flexibility, sociability, intelligence, and individualization. These determiners then suggest what educational environment is needed. If the student is not flexible, then the student's educational environment should be one in which attention, response, and order are the curriculum. If the student is weak in getting along with other children, then the curriculum ought to stress attention, response, order, and socialization. The "regular" curriculum often assumes that the student is sufficient in these dimensions, but it is just here that the exceptional learner is weak. Intelligence and individualization are the components in the academic curriculum.

With this in mind, music in a "regular" curriculum usually focuses on the academic content of reading music or playing an instrument or singing in a group. These abilities and skills then might lead to recreational use or to a career. Thus they presuppose and employ both intelligence and individualization. But the exceptional learner usually lacks the attention, response, and order required to reach the level described here. Thus the color-coded guitar and the Guitar Magic serve to catch the student's attention. This is so because playing the guitar is made relatively simple. But it must be remembered that the guitar represents a kind of cultural symbol that is meaningful to the adolescent, and therefore wins his attention in that regard also. This was the case with both Willie and John.

The music program is used to help the student order himself. This can be in learning a series of chords, or in playing a song, or in listening to the teacher as he models both playing and feeling. The same is true of response. Response is encouraged, even if only a spoonful at a time. No great repertoire is required. Perfection is not demanded. This attitude of accepting anything the student plays might be interpreted by musicians as being sloppy. To others who play and enjoy the dynamic harmony found in modern music--noted for its dissonance and new harmonies--this is not sloppiness, but rather an active search for the expression of music from within. This is not unlike Orff and is patterned on the Nordoff method.

III. MODEL

We have thus far presented three case studies of students in the class for the severely emotionally disturbed and have related this analysis to the high school program in general and to the music program within the ED classroom in particular. Within this ED classroom for the severely emotionally disturbed, music is the linchpin that holds the rest of the program together. It is a modification of, but also, as I will argue, a fulfillment of, the Hewett model.

The philosophical issue that is behind the argument thus far presented is the very same that prompts me to make the claim that music is the least restrictive environment. The issue falls into three different concerns. The first is

the concern for educational models, the second is the concern for philosophical models, and the third is my own concern for theological curriculum criticism.

A. Educational Models

Morris and Pai have argued that the educational models available today include the behavioral, the humanistic, and the cultural pluralism models.[6] On this score, it is clear that many of the advocates of the Hewett model (particularly his earlier engineered classroom) come from behaviorism and assume that Hewett's is a behavioral model. Hewett himself arguest to the contrary so it is unnecessary for me to do so. The music component and the total classroom described above is not antithetical to management, tokens, reinforcement, and the whole panoply of behaviorism. It probably is more of the cultural pluralism model in what it assumes about the youth culture of today. In any event, it must be said that the use of music in combination with the Hewett model is my own creation, and its weaknesses and its inconsistencies must be attributed to me.

B. Philosophical Models

Education is concerned with knowledge. The history of man's quest for knowledge reveals that knowledge at various times has meant various things, but typically control, self-understanding, and liberation.[7] Habermas reveals how the unfolding of human knowledge leads from knowledge purely as control to knowledge as self-understanding to knowledge as liberation. These models served as an heuristic to

discover the particularity and the individuality of the three case studies. It is my claim that no case study is written from a purely presuppositionless point of view, and every case study has some sort of lean or slant to it. Using Habermas' point of view, the control model helps us to understand and to interpret Willie, to discover his uniqueness, and to suggest where he might be headed. The weaknesses and strengths of Cassie are similarly to be understood from the perspective of the model of knowledge as self-understanding. Previously I had never thought of Cassie in precisely these terms, but as I reflected on her, I remembered and discovered more about her than I could tell. Similarly, it is clear that John remains an enigma without this heuristic. Seen from the perspective of liberation, John's possibilities and potential open out before us. It is suggested here that the Habermas model helps us to discover the uniqueness of all three of these learners.

Control of Willie suggests that his music become an environment of control. Put another way, this music program with this very smart young man can be a way of freeing him from becoming a victim of his impulses. It stands in his feeling of it somewhere between ordinary thought and thought used to win chess. This program requires forethought, but it also requires feeling. The music program for Cassie might lead to less control and to more self-understanding. A good

deal of classical music might enable Cassie to understand something about those feelings that lie within her of being fated. Finally, music as liberation for John does not mean more control; it means more discipline, more self-discipline.

C. Theological Curriculum Criticism

Despite the claims of the behaviorists, Public Law 94-142 may be read as a document of control and a document of self-understanding and a document of liberation. Another way of putting this within my own terminology is to say that the document draws upon modern thought (scientific technology sufficient to work with severely handicapped learners), but it also draws upon some of the notions of the individual that come from Greek thought, and it also draws from some of the notions of liberation from Judeo-Christian thought. Using my own terminology, I see Willie as a modern character of a pachetic nature, attempting control and ending up being controlled by his own feelings. I see Cassie as a Greek character of a tragic nature, attempting to understand herself and her fate, and usually overlooking the clues to self-knowledge that lie within her grasp. I also see John as a Judeo-Christian character of a redemptive nature, attempting to remain in the Garden of Eden under the control of his mother, but about to lose his Adamic innocence due to the knowledge of good and evil which his guitar playing has brought to him.

IV. CONCLUSION

Where does music as the least restrictive environment come into all of this? First, music as content is a flexibility-producing and an attention/response type subject. Students feel free in this content. Second, music as a variety of methods and even as a diagnostic tool enables one to prescribe an environment for the exceptional learner. Finally, music is the least restrictive environment because it helps both the teacher and the student to discover who they are. It is time to quit denying that students have their own world views. Adolescence is a time for forging and making a world view. In part this comes from one's background, in part from one's peers, and in part from within. Compared to some world view that is packaged and preconceived, the student's world view may be woefully inadequate and perhaps laughable. But it is a world view for the student nonetheless. He must be helped to take this construct, this poetic creation, this world view, and accept it. As he moves around in it, he must be helped to see its strengths as well as its weaknesses. Then and only then must he be asked to compare it with some of the more traditional and viable world views. If we pretend that there are millions of world views and no one of them is any better than any other, we are actually accepting a skeptical and relativistic world view. If we, on the other hand, say that <u>our</u> world view is the <u>only</u> world view, then we are dogmatic and lose sight of the

truth of other views than our own. If, however, we present to the student a typology involving three equally relevant and valid world views, he can bounce off of them, taking one that corresponds to his own and can forge out his own identity.

For the student who needs control, feeling and reality are control and must be control. For another student who needs self-understanding, reality is self-understanding. For a student who needs liberation, reality is liberation. For the student, however spontaneous he may be, who needs control, his environment must be one of control. For another, the least restrictive environment is one in which the larger issue of fate replaces the narrower issue of control. And finally, for another student, the least restrictive environment may be that environment in which he is able to fall out of the Garden of Eden into a world of suffering and a world of liberation. In any case, the choice of environments cannot be avoided or left to chance.

FOOTNOTES

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THOSE WERE THE DAYS

Once upon a time there was a tavern
Where we used to raise a glass or two
Remember how we laughed away the hours
And dreamed of all the great things we would do.

CHORUS:

Those were the days my friend, We thought they'd never end
We'd sing and dance forever and a day;
We'd live the life we chose, We'd fight and never lose.
For we were young and sure to have our way.
La la la la, etc.

Then the busy years went rushing by us.
We lost our starry notions on the way.
If by chance I'd see you in the tavern,
We'd smile at one another and we'd say CHORUS

Just tonight I stood before the tavern
Nothing seemed the way it used to be.
In the glass I saw a strange reflection.
Was that lonely fellow really me? CHORUS

Through the door there came familiar laughter.
I saw your face and heard you call my name.
Oh my friends we're older but no wiser,
For in our hearts the dreams are still the same.

CHORUS

ME AND BOBBY MCGEE

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, Headed for the trains
Feelin nearly faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
Took us all the way to New Orleans
I took my harpoon out of my dirty, red bandanna
And was blowin' sad, while Bobby sang the blues
With them windshield wipers slappin time and Bobby clappin hands
We finally sang up every song that driver knew:

CHORUS:
Freedom's just another word for nothin left to lose
And nothin ain't worth nothin but its free
Feeling good was easy, Lord, when Bobby sang the blues;
And buddy that was good enough for me;
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee.

From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun,
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul;
Standin right beside me, Lord, through everything I done
And every night she kept me from the cold;
Then somewhere near Salinas, Lord, I let her slip away
Lookin for the home I hope she'll find;
And I'd trade all of my tomorrows for a single yesterday
Holdin Bobby's body next to mine; CHORUS

MARY IN THE MORNING

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning
When trough a sleepy haze I see her lying there.
Soft as the rain that falls on summer flowers
Warm as the sunlight shining on her golden hair. Ah, ah.
When I awake and see her there so close beside me,
I want to take her in my arms; the ache is there,
So deep inside me.

Nothin's quite as pretty as Mary in the morning, Chasing a Rainbow in her dreams so far away, And when she turns to Touch it, I kiss her face so softly, and then my Mary Wakes to love another day, ah, ah.
And Mary's there in sunny days or stormy weather.
She doesn't care 'cause right or woong, the love we share WE share together.

Nothing's quite as pretty as Mary in the evening,
Kissed by the shades of night and starlight in her hair.
And as we walk, I hold her close beside me;
All our tomorrows for a life-time we will share. Ah, ah.

PROUD MARY

Left a good job in the city. Workin' for the man every night and day.
And I never lost one minute of sleeping, worrying 'bout the way things might have been.
CHORUS: Big Wheel keep on turnin', Proud Mary keep on burnin'
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river.

Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis, pumped a lot of pain in New Orleans,
But I never saw the good side of the city until I hitched a ride on a river boat queen.
CHORUS: Big Wheel keep on turnin', Proud Mary keep on burnin',
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river.

If you come down to the river, bet you gonna find some people who live.
You don't have to worry 'cause you have no money, people on the river are happy to give.
CHORUS:

BOTH SIDES NOW

Rows and flows of angel hair, and ice cream castles
In the air, and feather canyons everywhere
I've looked at clouds that way
But now they only block the sun, they rain and snow
On everyone, So many things I would have done,
But clouds got in my way.
I've looked at clouds from both sides now, from up
And down and still somehow it's cloud illusions I recall
I really don't know clouds at all.

Moons and Junes and ferris wheels, the dizzy dancing
Way you feel, as every fairy tale comes real,
I've looked at love that way.
But now it's just another show, you leave 'em laughing
When you go, And if you care don't let them know,
Don't give yourself away.
I've looked at love from both sides now, from give and
Take and still somehow it's love's illusions I recall;
I really don't know love at all.

Tears and fears and feeling proud, to say "I love you"
Right out loud, Dreams and schemes and circus crowds,
I've looked at life that way. But now old friends are
Acting strange, they shake their heads, they say I've
Changed. But something's lost but something's gained,
In living every day.
I've looked at life from both sides now, from win and
Lose and still somehow it's life's illusions I recall;
I really don't know life at all.

CRACKLIN' ROSIE

Cracklin' Rosie, get on board. We're gonna ride till
There ain't no more to go, Takin' it slow
And Lord don't you know I'll have me a time with a
Poor man's lady!

Hitchin' on a twilight train Ain't nothing here
That I care to take a-long Maybe a song
To sing when I want. Don't need to say please to no
Man for a happy tune.

Oh, I love my Rosie child, You got the way to make me
happy
You and me, we go in style. Cracklin' Rosie
You're a store bought woman, But you make me sing
Like a guitar hummin' So hang on to me, Girl
Our song keeps runnin' on.
Play it now, play it now, Play it now, my baby.

Cracklin' Rosie, make me a smile And girl, it it lasts
For an hour, well, that's all right. Cause we got all
night
To set the world right. Find us a dream that don't
Ask no questions, yeah!

Oh, I love my Rosie child, You got the way to make me
happy
You and me, we go in style. Cracklin' Rosie
You're a store bought woman, But you make me sing
Like a guitar hummin' So hand on to me, girl
Our song keeps runnin' on.
Play it now, play it now, Play it now, my baby.

RAINDROPS

Raindrops keep fallin on my head,
And just like the guy whose feet are too big for
his bed,
Nothin seems to fit.
Those raindrops are fallin on my head
They keep fallin
So I just did me some talking to the sun,
And I said
I didn't like the way he got things done,
Sleepin on the job,
Those raindrops are fallin on my head,
They keep fallin,
But there's one thing I know,
The Blues they sent to greet me, won't defeat me.
It won't be long 'till happiness steps up to greet me.
Raindrops keep fallin on my head,
But that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turnin red.
Cryins not for me,
Cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complainin.
Because I'm free,
Nothins worrin me.

I Can Think Of Younger Days

I can think of younger days
When living for my life was everything a man could
want to do,
I could never see tomorrow
But I was never told about the sorrow.
And (CHORUS)

How can you mend a broken heart;
How can you stop the rain from falling down?
How can you stop the sun from shining?
What makes the world go round?
How can you mend this broken man?
How can a loser ever win?
Please help me mend my broken heart,
And let me live again.

I can still feel the breeze
That rustles through the trees
And misty memories of days gone by;
We could never see tomorrow,
But no one said a word about the sorrow,
And (Chorus)

LIL

Whatever happened to Lil, I doubt she's alive.
I never had all my fill of her here inside.
When she worked with Hol , I saw her once or twice,
She was eith er naughty, or very, very nice,
And her drink was filled, but never filled with ice.

Oh, whatever happened to Lil I hope she's alive.
I never had all my fill of her here inside.
When she worked in Jimmy's shop I met her in the room.
She took away their money, and made the boys all swoon;
Told them to clean up the place, and handed them the broom.

Oh, whatever happened to Lil, I think she's alive.
I never had all my fill of her here inside.
Now she owns a shop, I think in Paris, France,
Turning out men's skivvies and fancy underpants,
The kind that leaves you free just when you're out to dance.

Oh, whatever happened to Lil I know she's alive.
I never had all my fill of her here inside.

Edward W. Milner
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CAROLE'S SONG

We are learning today all the things that we know,
And the things that we know are most surely to grow,
We are feeling today all the things that we feel,
And the things that we feel are most certainly real,
They are real.

We are knowing today all the things that we learn,
And the things that we learn in our hearts always yearn
Like the warmth of a love that helps us to know
That the love we have learned is as pure as the snow,
As the snow.

The seed that will grow in the brown earth below
Is as real as the winds up above that do blow,
For the seed that will change into grass that is green
Is living below all the snow that is seen,
That is seen.

The limb that has lost all its leaves is so bare,
Till it greens up in spring with the leaf and the pear,
Though our love is unseen as the seed in the ground
It is full as the fruitwhen it's ripe and it's round,
And it's round.

(Repeat the first verse)

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